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Leaves
OF THE YEAR
1863.

THE LOYAL
PUBLICATION SOCIETY
NEW YORK



May 16 1870 of OS ⁶/₈ from Rec

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TO THE FUTURE MAN.

There were many of these leaves, but the winds have scattered them. Such as could be found, I have picked up, and here throw them forth upon the stream of time, thus sending them down to you.—To you, to whom my heart goes forth, in its longings for the day, which you will see, which I also almost see, in the distance—the day when this great nation shall fulfill its happy destiny. I see, as in the distance, an era of peace and plenty, and of the development of untold wealth; I see an era of liberty and righteous law; and my faith beholds, in that good time coming, our own dear and beautiful human nature regenerated, perfected, and adorned. We (our nation) are passing through a red sea; a baptism of fire and blood. O it was a sad thought *that it must needs be*. But dear and loving friend—brighter skies are yours, than ever we have known. Your sun will be as seven times, as the light of seven days. Yet do not think of us as without hope and gladness—think of us as expecting to join you. We know not how, nor when, nor where; but the cause of universal humanity is ours; God is in it, and shall we not, some day, take you by the hand? In the midst of sorrows we are glad, and no spirit of envy shall mar our joy; for even now do we rejoice with you, as we seem almost to hear the distant echo of your hallelujahs, while we are marching on.



New Haven, January 1st, A.D. 1864.



And when, in the time to come, it shall be asked what meant your Fathers by that strange symbol? then shall ye answer that it was the sign and memorial by which the patriotism of these free states of America did mark the infamy of a base political party in the days of the slaveholder's great rebellion. And thou shalt tell it to thy sons and to thy son's sons, that it was the party which did basely cry *peace*, *peace*, when there should be no peace—that it did strive to reinstate the rebels into power, that it was willing, and eager, to seal the doom of a whole race of men in perpetual slavery and chains, and to blast a free and prosperous nation with the guilt of perpetual crime. Yea, thou shalt surely tell it to all the people, in the time to come, for it is a foul party, and it shall be remembered as a hissing and a curse; for there were traitors there, and behold they were traitors to their country, and to humanity, and to God; and it shall be that throughout all your generations, when ye shall look upon this symbol, every man shall rejoice in his heart because that which it signifies is dead and buried, and that no man liveth to say one good word for its memory, and no man to mourn for it, nor to say "alas, my brother"—but it shall be remembered as a loathesome thing, a reptile party, and men shall say of it (as they bring to remembrance how mean and vile it was) that

On its belly it did go,
And dirt it did eat,
All the days of its life.

ABSOLUTE SUBMISSION

( *Submission to a slaveholder's rebellion* )

O R W A R.

Of course it must be war. Then let it be real, earnest, strong, decisive war; and nothing else, till it be ended. Whatever there is to give aid and comfort to an enemy, prevent it, damage or destroy it. It is the rule of war, it is the rule of our own self-preservation; and as against such a rebellion, it is the rule of right. If we can intercept and cut off our enemies' commissary stores, shall we not do it? If our enemies were Fejees, claiming their peculiar rations as a sacred right above all the touch of war or of military necessity, should we respect such a claim? And now, does our enemy's subsistence depend upon enforced labor? Surely if we deprive them of that labor, we shall strike where it hurts. It is the vital point, *it is where they live*. Do it then—discharge their laborers. If our enemy has got but one thing to stand on—only one foundation—then demolish and abolish that; do it as soon as possible. These rebels have undertaken to destroy our Republic, and to establish upon our territory another government, hostile to our own. They wish to found an empire in which they shall be *fillibusters* and conquerors, while the enforced labor of slaves shall supply their armies. This is their *meaning*. Remember their old fillibustering attempts aimed at the same thing. But the spirit of liberty in the nation, and the love of peace were too much for them. They changed their tactics, but they aim

at empire by robbery and conquest. They have started their enterprize upon the one idea of human slavery. They proclaim it as their foundation. Would we end this war, then destroy, demolish the foundation. Do it thoroughly. This is both policy and duty. What in the world can be plainer? But does some one say "that is not it."—*Look* then,—the rebel "Vice President" Stevens in his inaugural announced that slavery was to be the foundation and corner stone of their new monarchy—or whatever it might be—a government hostile of course to our free Republic.

And hold here a moment, Reader; let us talk a little about this.—Slavery the foundation and corner stone of empire! Are there any curiosity-hunters, who desire to see a specimen of precious rascality, so precious that there is no fitting place for it upon the earth? Behold it!—Behold it personified and embodied in this slaveholder's rebellion! Here it is; they themselves have indicated it. Well may the future historian characterize this grand enterprize of the slaveholder's treason, both in its conception and in its attempted execution as the grand rascality of the 19th century. Yea, let him write rascal, rascal, rascal, all over it, within and without. And yet, perhaps, there may be some one other thing even more shameful than this. If there is, it must be this, namely, that such an infamy should find some show of a party here among us, in these free States. Let us for a moment look it in the face, both there and here. *There* all masks are thrown off, and the crime-stained traitors trample on our nationality, and spit upon our flag. *Here* their helpers, their allies, artful schemers, professing loyalty, political tricksters, dealing in shams and false pretences, prating peace, and meaning treason, they are looking wistfully for political preferment, and would be willing to take it even at the cost of the heritage bequeathed to us by our fathers! O, is there any thing so mean as the sneaking nastiness of a sham de-

mocracy? Lies are its refuge, and under falsehoods doth it hide itself.

Look again on that picture and on this. The rebels, bold as they are wicked, are marching on through fire and blood, to their destiny, a destiny of retribution, as we hope, but *meaning* to destroy our national life, and found a new and barbaric empire, upon the ruins of a free republic. A false glory bedizens the vision of their unprincipled leaders, and falsehoods, mistaken for truth, have poisoned the minds of their followers. Charity itself cannot present their rebellion in a more favorable view than this. *Here*, on the other hand, among us, are their allies—not men of war, but leaders of a make-believe democracy, (with nothing truly democratic in them,) pretenders, sneaking politicians, putting on airs of conservatism, and mousing around for selfish, personal advantage, which they hope to achieve under some coming man—some successful demagogue from the old plantations, by and bye. They have been toad-eaters to the slaveholders in former days, have bent the knee and held office under them, and they are longing to put their old masters into position again, that they may get the balance of wages for their own dirty services. This is the measure of their patriotism.

Well do they remember when they looked to the slave power for office, and gladly did their bidding—the days when they raised the mad dog cry of *abolitionist*, while their Southern brethren dealt out tar and feathers; and now the wretches are sighing for that same old time to come again with “the Union as it was.” See how they adopt the rebel tactics in all but open war—“call our enemies not Yankees,” says Beauregard, “but call them *abolitionists*.” And lo! the sham newspapers re-echo the direful epithet, as if it were a stigma too dreadful to be borne. But there is good *meaning* in the name, and when we shall fearlessly accept it, put it on and *use* it, we shall soon see an end of this most infamous rebellion. May God and good angels hasten on the day.

Tell us what sort of democrats are your man-worshippers—these wretches who are trying to raise a popular hosannah to glorify “*little Mac*” or some other insignificant name, and set it up in rivalry to our great grand cause of a nation’s birthright to government and liberty and law. True patriotism needeth no such homage. Washington needed it not; and a democracy which scoffs at principles and shouts itself hoarse to glorify a man is no democracy at all—it is a sham. Again this same sham democracy have cried out that letting loose thousands of slaves as free men, will overstock the market for labor. Whereas the truth would be, that give the slave liberty, with justice and law, as to other men, and more colored men would emigrate South than would ever come North; and the very thing which the shams urge against emancipation, if there is any force in it at all, is altogether in the favor of the argument for freedom. So much for one of their pretences. But what can we expect but shams of that which is itself a sham? And consider again that emancipation cannot over-stock the labor market, because the increase of human wants always creates an increase of the demand for labor, and when slaves are made freemen *their* extra wants will soon vastly increase this demand. Does any body but a dunce believe that a freed man, when he feels himself to have the rights of a man, will be content with the same food and clothing as when a slave? He will want more and will have more, for he will earn more. And it is most undoubtedly true that their emancipation will be not only an act of justice, but it must make more business and more labor in all the States, and must add largely to the nation’s wealth. A few more words about the shams. Every sham thing is a sign that there is something that is true; just as counterfeit bank bills are signs that there are true ones. Is there not then a true democracy? Yes, and we honor *true* democracy. But it is not the stuff which sym-

pathizes with this slaveholders' rebellion. Call over the roll of the true men of the old democratic party, and see where they stand. Where, for example, are Andrew Johnson, and Cass, and Dix, and Butler, and Dickinson, and Holt, and McClelland, and Wadsworth of New York, and Hamilton of Texas? they all stand with thousands of others, democrats, good and true, shoulder to shoulder with patriot men of all parties, from whatever nationalities, with high resolve to down with this rebellion, slavery and all.

Then look over the miserable roll of this wretched sham democracy, where are they? Where the smaller lights of our own State, Toucy, Seymour, Eaton, (lights whose shining is but the phosphorescence of their own political putridity), or go into the neighboring State and look at the platform of another Seymour, upheld on one side by a Ben Wood, and on the other by a Fernando, names famously infamous! Then go forth into Pennsylvania, and call on old pretender Buchanan; and go down South into the rebel camps, and hunt up those other sham democrats, by the names of Floyd, and Breckinridge, and then return enriched by travel, with the knowledge that this sham democracy is the most rotten and corrupt thing that ever gave sign of political life. O, it is no ordinary nuisance which is thus allowed to remain above ground, unburied, a moral stench in the nostrils of honest and patriotic men.


Let no man admonish us for too much severity against party leaders, who would apologize for treason, while our brothers and our friends are in deadly struggle with the traitors. We charge that the leaders of this sham democracy are giving aid and comfort to a rebellion which is red and gory with the blood of our dearest kindred, a rebellion which is trying utterly to destroy our nationality—which has sent its Judases across the ocean to the monarchies of Europe, saying "what will ye give and we will deliver the great

Republic into your hands?" O, is it not a *sham*-democracy which can sympathize with traitors such as these? We charge that the ring-leaders of this sham democracy are the men who will bring back if they can, the red-handed traitors into our national councils. They are seeking to divide the loyal States, that they may thus aid the rebels; and already, by reason of their influence, has the subjugation of this rebellion been postponed. Thousands of lives have doubtless been sacrificed, which might have been spared, but for this sham democracy. And what do they propose as an offset for this needless waste of life—Is it some great thing that these sham democrats are seeking for? Is it a nation's honor, a nation's wealth, a nation's life that they seek to save? O, no,—It is simply that they may restore the slavery faction into power again, only because they want to climb up into office upon its back! Is this reason enough for all this extra waste of life and treasure?—this extra waste which is owing to the encouragement which these sham democrats are extending to the rebels. And yet these shams, true only to their character of pretenders, are charging upon others the guilt which belongs to themselves!—"It is the abolitionists," say they, "who provoked the slaveholders, exasperated the chivalry, and made the war," and then that dreadful word abolition, abolition, abolition, is emblazoned through the columns of all their newspapers, as if it were the guilty thing. But citizens of common sense, see through the meaning of their clamor—they know that it is but the robber's cry of stop thief, the assassins shout of murder, when he himself hath done it! A united, unanimous North would very soon finish out this rebellion by thoroughly subduing it. But this is just what the sham democracy do not desire. To show that they do not, we may appeal to the circulars and speeches of the leading home conspirators, high and low, beginning with the "Knights of the Golden Circle" and going down to that

miserable moral abortion, John Van Buren. We say that they do not desire that this rebellion should be conquered, but prefer to keep it up and extend it for political purposes, and in the hope that, at last, the rebellion may conquer the government! Therefore we say they are guilty of crime. Behold them; there is blood upon their souls (if they have souls). Look at them, ye wives, fathers, mothers, sons, brothers, friends—if you are bereaved, think how much of your bereavement is due to this vile faction—this sham democracy. And when you shall turn away heart sick, as you will from the contemplation of their remorseless treachery, then join with us in upholding this government of ours which (if ever government was) is ordained of God for punishment of evil doers, and the praise of those who do well.

Do I hear some echo in the crowd repeat, “O yes, we go for the government and the constitution; but how, again about that proclamation, liberty to slaves! what do you say to that?” Say to it! *Amen*. In the name of our nationality, and of our human nature, *Amen*. In the name of God, *AMEN*. “But what can be done with the slaves made free? What can be done! cannot a race which, when slaves, have so long supported, both themselves and their masters, do something for themselves when free? Give them the right of liberty and the protection (as well as the restraints) of law, and in their new and untried estate, assist them but a little while, and it will soon be found that they will not only do for themselves, but will also contribute more than they have ever done to the nation’s wealth. Do you ask how? we answer by *work*—yes sirs, it is *work* which contributes to a nation’s wealth. Did you not know that? Good people, you who are shocked at the thought of emancipation, if any such there are, give us your attention for a moment longer. If among the errors of our political system, it happened that a *wrong* came to be recognized as a *right*, let it not be our error to

defend that wrong in this precious time when justice and policy and necessity, all demand that we should renounce it forever. Tell us, if you can, what *are* the rights of these traitors whose murderous aim is at a nation's life? Are they not criminals whose whole bill of rights is summed up in this simple item, namely, ignominious penalty for their enormous crime? Or is it claimed that we are such a *power* that we can generously afford to yield to them again all that they have ever claimed as rights, and that *therefore* the word of emancipation shall be annulled? Ah, it may be an easy thing, and we may call it generous to give back the slave to his traitor-master, and to rivet again the chains of the oppressed. But take care, *take care* we say, for while thus generous with the liberty of others, we may find ourselves in fearful danger of losing our own. And think how shall we answer it when the nations of the world shall hoot at us in our downfall, when they shall shake the head at us and say, there is a nation for whom God opened the way to a glorious life, and waited for it to improve its golden opportunity. But it refused to do justice; it turned again and oppressed the poor and needy, and rivetted chains for the oppressor. And now behold it! the despised among the nations—broken into miserable factions, its power gone, its glory departed, and none so poor as to do it reverence! We undertake not to say by what particular agencies our great nation may thus come to be a bye-word and reproach. But we do believe that if, in this great crisis, we allow ourselves to slight and ignore the grand claims of judgment and justice and mercy, presented to us as they now are, and under the combined sanction of moral and religious duty, of political right and expediency, and of military necessity, that we shall be destined from this bad hour to sink into insignificance as no longer a power among the nations. We will not prophecy of the direct agencies by which all this may come to pass; but we warn

that political faction which is thinking to crush the weak that it may make itself strong ; which is willing and ready to hand over, in chains of despair again, the millions of a race which is now almost jubilant with hope. O, ye misnamed democrats, remember that you cannot prove yourselves thus reckless of the rights of another race, but upon the condition of imminent and deadly peril to your own. Whether you think this ought to be so or not, it is so. That pro-slavery madness which shackles the bodies of colored men, works like a demoniacal possession to the ruin of the white race also. Why will ye not see the truth—look at it for yourselves ! Have you never heard from the slave-lords about their “ *poor white trash of the South ?* ” (and well do they call it *theirs*). And are you willing that *your* children shall inherit the same reproach ?—that in future years (not many years either) your own sons and daughters, reaping the ripe fruits of your miserable doings, shall in their turn, be pointed at by the scornful finger of the slave-mongers as  “ *their poor white trash of the North !* ” Remember that there is a High Providence which can well arrange the principles of compensation in these our human affairs !

Patriot men and true (of whatever party name in other days) we turn to you. You do not believe that the owning of slaves, nor that the lordling's habit of feeling that he is a master, can justify the crimes of rebellion and treason. Patriot men and true (of whatever party name) as we turn from the Jannes and Jambres of political faction, we know that no motive of interest nor of fear is needed to persuade *you*. It is enough for you that a cause is good and just and right. You will declare for it, you will stand by it, you will believe in it, though earth and hell should rage against it. Though kings and lords, and aristocracies and sham democracies despise it, you are the men who will stand by it, and maintain it evermore. Good men and true, all the world

over, hail you as brothers. Partakers with us, are they, in the inspiring faith of a better time coming. And in this hour of trial, we send to them, wherever they are, all around the world, and of whatever nationality, we send to them our greeting, and tell them that *Liberty* yet lives in our Republic—that the great American heart shall leap forward to meet the day, at its coming, when all men everywhere (who are not guilty of crime) shall be vindicated in their right to the blessings of liberty, and to the protection of law.

THE TWO DEMOCRACIES.

In this year 1863 we have in our free States two democracies. The one is brave, patriotic, true. The other is false, abject, base.

Of the first named democracy there comes a voice from our armies in the field. Listen ;—

“The South, by the act of rebellion, put themselves outside the pale of law, and invited war; and while we would hail with rapture the return of an honorable peace, we can see no path to it save through a most persistent and vigorous prosecution of the war. To this end, we would uphold the Administration in all the measures it has adopted for suppressing the rebellion.

“I am amazed that any one can think of ‘peace on any terms.’ He who entertains this sentiment is fit only to be a slave; he who utters it at this time, is, moreover, a traitor to his country, who deserves the scorn and contempt of all honorable men.”

This is a passage in a letter from Rosecrans, the true and the brave. And we could read to you the like sentiment from hundreds of thousands of our brave men as their voice comes to us borne on every breeze from all our armies.

Thus speaks the true democracy.

And now turn and look at some sample-sentiments of the other sort of democracy; namely, the *sham*, the *base*, the misnamed "democracy." Take, for an example, the words of one of our own Connecticut specimens—^{supposed to be} one T. H. Seymour, once a copperhead candidate for Governor. A letter from this "T. H. S." is *found on a captured rebel spy (!)* who was going with it from Charleston to Richmond. "I abhor," says that letter, "the scheme of Southern invasion" (of course he does, and so do Beauregard and Davis and their brother traitors). "Depend upon it," he says, "Heaven will frown upon such a cause as this." A likely candidate for governor this! writing letters to traitors, and telling them that Heaven will frown upon the cause of our common country.

Behold then the difference between a true and a false, a a base, and misnamed democracy. And this base misnamed democracy is not represented by merely a little group of such creatures as this T. H. S.; but here stands a political party led on by Ahithophels and treason mongers, (a brotherhood of serpents), *here* with its newspaper press, and its nominating conventions, stealing the name of democracy, full of all subtility and deceit, incapable of an honest purpose, corrupt, and working to corrupt the patriotism of the country. This is the democracy which is in sympathy with the slaveholder's rebellion. It is the democracy of treason—treason for the sake of slavery, and slavery for the sake of gain. For so much trash as may be grasped thus the leaders of this wretched faction are ready to do, and to submit to, anything. Willing to be spit upon by slaveholders: ready to sell themselves, and wear a dog's collar with the inscription "free

state men, with slave state principles." They are ready to sell the country. Their miserable hope is that they may some day get back into power and office through the patronage of their masters, the slaveholders. This it is which makes our sham democrats plead and beg to spare the infamous system; as much as to say (for this is what they wish) "let the slaves labor and supply the rebel armies, while their masters, with their non-slaveholding dupes, shall overthrow the great republic—then we will be in at the death, and rattlesnake and copperhead will make common cause and share the spoils."

"Let slavery alone" say they, "do anything else, let the wayward states depart in peace, take the land with them, and anything they will, but do not touch the sacred institution." Now reader we ask is it not most right and proper to enquire what that system *is* for which we are expected to surrender so much? Well, in order to understand what it *is* we must notice what it *does*. First, it supports a class of filibusters, who, instead of earning an honest living in the world, are always seeking wealth and dominion by conquest, and fraud. Their system teaches them to scoff at labor as fit only for slaves, and to honor themselves as the *breeders* of those slaves. In brief, it is a system which advertises itself, so that everybody may *know* what it is, by *seeing* what it does. In the mingled complexions of races it has written its own certificate of degradation, both for the master, and for the slave. Look at it, and appreciate it clearly say we, for it is surely reasonable that we should realize what that is for which we are called on to surrender government and nationality. If it is truly a good and lovely thing, then honor it; but if it is a leprous and revolting thing, then leave it to the "killing and damning" embraces of that brotherhood of wretches, Bill Eaton, T. H. Seymour & Co.

We affirm that it is this system which has, for many years,

multiplied servile politicians and toad-eaters in our free states—which has filled our southern country with a boasting and nasty “chivalry;” with slave-lordlings, and women-whippers, with chains, and scourges, and auction-blocks, and concubinage, and family debaucheries—and finally, with murderers, and traitors, blacker than their slaves. Is such a system a good one to build our republic upon? But such *is* the system which the matured rascality of the 19th century is trying to establish as the foundation of empire.—The rebels themselves have proclaimed it as their corner stone. But mark this feature of their foul conspiracy, namely, that it is not as the corner stone of a free republic; this is not their meaning. Their purpose is to establish a very different kind of empire. And it becomes every true American patriot to enquire what peace or safety there can be to our republic, if we shall permit upon one half of our territory the establishment of a barbaric empire upon the corner stone of human slavery. This is their meaning—their corner stone idea means the perpetual enslavement of a race, which shall be compelled by their toil to earn subsistence for filibustering armies. It means the establishment of an empire which shall ignore all culture of the arts, and the civilizations of peace; which shall build itself up by conquest; which shall, if it can, make you and your children, reader, its vassals and its “mudsills;” which shall raise up, in the midst of us, their allies of copperhead-guerrillas; seizing upon your wealth (if you have it) or upon the earnings of your labor, upon your resources, upon your inventions, and the avails of all our industries, until the slave-lords shall have made us, (as they have already made those who might have been better men than themselves) “their poor white trash.”—Are we ready for this? Better that we should be dogs, and bay the moon, than to be such Romans. Do you say you see no danger? But there *is* danger—and herein lies our peril,

namely, that there are scheming, mousing politicians among us, and even conventions of such men, who are eager to sell us bodily to rebeldom, and hoping to count themselves in, among the lords of the ascendant, when treason shall have triumphed. Tell us, *shall we confer on such rascals the honor of any office?*

We have spoken of the disgrace more than of the danger of such a vote. But let the timid take notice that the danger is as great as the disgrace. For the Seymour party have only to carry out their threats of resistance to the government and we shall have civil war in Connecticut. And shall we risk that for the sake of such miserables as T. H. Seymour & Co.?

Political reptiles creeping, in their slime, through the columns of a corrupt newspaper press, are soliciting votes for the men whose infamous politics, in such a time as this, ought to sink them lower than deepest ocean soundings. They would sacrifice every behest of patriotism, every interest of the Republic to promote their own ascendancy, to gratify their miserable greed for office. We warn our citizens when we say, look behind the mask of their assumed democracy, and you shall see the very features of those rebels, and traitors who have posted their emissaries beyond the seas, begging for help from the worst enemies of all free governments, and of all true democracies.—When we hear such men prating of democracy, we know what theirs is made of—it is of that stuff which is in favor with traitors at home, with kings and aristocracies abroad, and with liberty-haters everywhere.

FAMILY TRAITS.

(The Trail of the Serpent.)

The serpent family have always been essentially evil. An old writer refers to one of their traits where he says "The Cretians are always liars," etc. Another record, yet more ancient, reads thus: "Now Cain rose up against his brother Abel and slew him." It may be that the reader would like to know what sort of a comment the copperhead serpents of our day would make upon that old text. Well, it would run somewhat in this wise: "Cain did right. Why? Well, plain enough. That same Abel was a meddler, an abolitionist, and he provoked his brother; whereas Cain was a chivalrous gentleman, altogether superior to the fellow Abel, who was, no doubt, a mudsill, or a Yankee, or something. Cain, you see, was a generous, high-minded gentleman. Abel had no right to provoke him. In fact, Abel was all the same as a suicide; he knew that Cain could not brook reproof. Cain was not the first murderer—Abel was." Now, every reader will see at once in this admirable strain of reasoning a striking resemblance to the copperhead traits of our own day. Cain was the father of the copperhead family.

And now let us take a stride over a great space and scan the traits of an eminent copperhead in another era of the world's history. We will take one of whom a great apostle of truth has given us, as it were, a photograph, in words following, to wit: "O full of all subtlety, and all mischief, child of the devil, enemy of all righteousness, wilt thou not cease to pervert?" The individual thus addressed has long ago

gone from this stage of human action, but the like of him are not all dead yet, or, if they died, the times we live in have brought them up again, just as the seventeen years locust will come again though they bide their time, or just as an evil seed of pestilent weeds and thorns and thistles may lie buried in the dirt for centuries, and then spring up to curse the earth again. Just so we behold the vile race of copperheads in this our day. Think of it, O shade of Elymas, the sorcerer ! Nineteen hundred years have circled away since you stood up, a model copperhead, scathed and confounded by those words of truth and soberness. Nineteen hundred years ! And yet to-day behold your offspring here, in this Western world, where man had hoped for better things. Behold your progeny with every lineament of your inner soul, as given by unerring photograph. Not that for so many years has earth entirely lost thy pattern, O Elymas, for specimens and breeders there have been here and there. But now, in this last half of our 19th century, we awake to discover thy evil progeny, which has been creeping along down to us all through the slime and slough of these long centuries, have grown prolific beyond all precedent, have multiplied among us till on every hand we see thy very self, thy thief-like look, thy sinister and lying leer. O, Elymas, thou subtle sophist ! How would it delight thy mean and recreant soul couldst thou leap these nineteen hundred years and stand here to-day among thy scaly children !—to behold them, with all the facilities of our advanced age, forging fallacies and flashing them off by electric power ; leading off armies to vindicate a lie, cheating States into treason, and rejoicing with all the slimy spirits of the pit in the hoped-for triumph of a *slaveholder's rebellion*. And O how delightful if thou mightest dispense winning eloquence before admiring rioters, whose vocation it is to persecute and murder harmless *nay-gers*. Couldst thou not show them first how righteous a thing

it is to enslave (for didn't righteous Paul, himself, say "Send back the Slave!") and, second, that, therefore, it is right to kill the *naygers*? Indade, (for thou wouldst assume the winning brogue) and what right has any body to be a *nayger* at all, or, as the damn Yankees call him, a colored man? O Elymas! these times do call for thee. Thou shouldst possess some south-side pulpit, and pitching thy tent towards Sodom, no brass of thine should ever jingle for our Union victories. Aye, but thou shouldst spread thyself out in the newspapers, shouldst mince thy logic in the N. Y. World and the Express, and flavor up the Herald, and then—

But come, O thou shade of the great Elymas! Come, tell thy scaly offspring what thou knowest too well—the truth—for once. Tell them, "Hell from beneath is moved for them to meet them at their coming—it stirreth up its dead for them."

THE MISERABLES.

When the miserables prate of "reconstruction," when they cry out for the "Union as it was," when they jabber about "the constitution"—what do they mean? They mean themselves back into office as they were; they mean the reconstruction of the Breckinridge Democracy; they mean whatever constitutes a copperhead, for that is *their* constitution. Aye, what do they care for the Constitution, or for the country—they who are glad for the success of our enemies, and

saddened when they hear of our victories—they whose every sympathy is against our Government, and against those who are administering it to the very best of their ability? Do they care for the country, who are ever ready to sell it, and their very souls, to the devil and the slaveholders, for the consideration of getting a treasonable faction back again into our national councils, to help these misérables again into office and power? In proof of what we are charging, we refer to the past, and to the daily issues of the copperhead press—issues which are as running sores, offensive and disgusting to every patriot man. Their whole purpose has been to aid rebels and traitors, hoping to receive their reward when rebels and traitors shall reconstruct their party. They began with the cry of “no coercion,” and when that absurdity seemed like the gibberings of an idiot, even to themselves, then, to the extent of their daring, they threatened to coerce the Government. The walls of Lafayette frowned upon them, but our too lenient Executives stayed the arm of justice; and then, again, these misérables plotted for the rebellion, instigating their more brutal followers to resist the Government authority. When volunteering was the way of raising our armies, they clamored for a draft. When drafting was ordered, they cried out for enlistments. Hard and long did they work to instigate a mob, and they finally succeeded. It was part of the joint programme of rebel and of copperhead. They stirred the prejudice of their vilest fellows up to the crimes of robbery and murder—the murder of unarmed and harmless men. The wretches who did it sat in their editorial chairs. They meant to do it again, but the strong arm of Government was lifted, and patriotic men were ready. Then the misérables grew conservative! Mean and craven souls, traitors in heart, and openly traitors, if they dared to be, let honorable and patriotic men mark them till they shall have been damned with the infamy which they

deserve. The cool judgment of history shall pass its verdict upon such wretches, and true men shall remember them with reproaches such as are due from patriots to traitors.

Benedict Arnold lived in the birth time of our republic. He saw not its rising glory. But the traitors and copperheads of our time have lived in the light of our advancing day; they have seen our banners in the bright sunshine of the nineteenth century, floating over every sea, and our nationality respected by every people, with only one reproach resting upon it, and that the very one which copperhead conservatism would bring back upon us "as it was," and retain it as a shame forever!

Judas Iscariot lived beyond the dark ages, and scarcely saw the dawn of the Christian era. But the traitors and the copperheads of our time stand where they can review the teachings of 1800 years since their less guilty brother, Judas, betrayed and sold his glorious Lord, whose disciples the copperhead democracy to-day stand ready to betray and to sell into slavery and to death. "And inasmuch as they do it unto one of the least of his disciples, they do it unto him."

Arise, O, bones of Judas and of Benedict! arise in judgment, and whiten by the side of living men more wicked than yourselves. And yet such men of treachery and deceit do not even blush. They look upon each other, and thus countenance themselves. Their thought is, "see how many there are of us," and they parade it, as a virtue, that they are true to party. And pity 'tis 'tis true that they are true to nothing but party, and to the serpent that is within them. Accomplices to the old rebel faction, they despise even the name of loyalty, and they charge upon loyal men that they have brought on the war by their irritation of the slaveholders. Yet all the world knows that it is a slaveholders' war, and the product of a slaveholders' conspiracy—that slaveholders

stole the march upon the careless and secure patriotism of the country, and they stole a great deal else besides. Yes, and considering their advantages, it is a wonder they had not stolen the Government also. Let us thank God more than ourselves. Their whole bad enterprise began, and has been carried on for the express purpose of establishing their thief and robber system, and of binding it as a curse upon the nation. Did ever a greater curse afflict any people since the world began, than a system which could generate such a war?

But thank God that the nation is aroused. True it is that treasure is poured forth as water, and precious life is lavished. Through our streets the solemn march, the muffled drum, and mournful dirge, are telling, day after day, that another and another of our dear, brave soldiers have fallen, by a war which was instigated and inaugurated by slaveholders, and their subservient accomplices. True it is that thousands of brave men have fallen a sacrifice to this Moloch of human slavery, yet shall we, therefore, give up our Republic, and hand it over to the architects of ruin? Never. But by how much it has cost, by so much the more shall it be prized; and whether the war shall be for one year or for a century, yet will we rally around the flag which our fathers raised, in defiance of an oppression infinitely less than that which threatens us. We believe that it is the will of God that no fear of consequences, nor of death itself, should hold us back from this war.

For all the dead yet living are—

Dying is but a change of sphere.

And we will rally around the old flag of liberty, while we live, "shouting the battle cry of freedom," and when we die, even then, we hope to behold, from afar, the battle and the victory, and to welcome every patriot soul, as they come up,

released from hospital, and from battle field, "shouting the battle cry of freedom!"

Till peace can come with victory
Of Liberty and Law,
God guide our nation's destiny,
And carry on this war.
Let Rulers in this trial-hour,
Rule as with iron rod,
Till, like our cause, so be our power,
Strong as the will of God.

"FIGHTING FOR THE NIGGER."

The slang of rebel slaveholders and their copperhead allies, is meant to slur our soldiers and the war. We know what is talking when we hear such stuff. Aye, and we shall long remember the reptile hiss here among us, even from the beginning, and all the way through.

Reader, please recall it. It was all in aid of traitors. First, it was "no coercion"—"coercion unconstitutional;" next, "a wicked war against our Southern brethren;" next, the cry of "peace on any terms," and finally, full of hate, and hoping to fasten an old odium upon the patriotism of the

country, they sneeringly tell us we are "fighting for the nigger."

And now, what shall we think of a faction which, in a crisis like ours, can so crawl upon its belly, and lend itself as auxiliary to a traitorous conspiracy of slaveholders? Ah, the truth is, that the copperhead democracy is a misbegotten thing; it is such a compound of meanness and rascality as never before disgraced any nation. If the spirit of evil, in any future age, shall inquire how to make a political copperhead party, we who are living witnesses can tell them. Go rake up and concentrate all the meannesses and rascality which have ever existed in all the world through all time, and you have got the essential materials for a modern copperhead party—a democratic party with all the democracy left out; a democratic party which has no one principle in sympathy with the cause of justice and the rights of man; a wretched faction which would be content to bend the knee in homage to oppressors and slave-breeders even in the act of treason, and while their hands are red with the dear blood of our soldiers, our friends, our brothers, and our sons, fallen in defence of our country, our government, and our homes. Oh! is there no infamy in store for a faction such as this? no curse to blight the shameless purpose of creatures misnamed men, who are even to-day in sympathy with such a rebellion?

Look a moment again at our affairs? Behold red-handed traitors at the courts of European kings, offering to sell the Great Republic. Behold, at home, infuriated rebel armies struggling to throttle this Republic, that they may hand it over, bound and helpless, to its enemies abroad! And then turn to behold this miserable faction, here right among us, denouncing Government for its efforts to protect itself, and sneering at every patriotic endeavor to crush down the rebellion! Then inquire what would this faction have? What great aim have they? What their grand endeavor? Nothing,

not anything, but to maintain their miserable party, plotting to give it office if God shall curse the nation with its rule.

Let the nation battle for its life, and struggle on; these "democrats" have no heart in such a war—they have a greater work to do, they are battling for *their party*, holding their contemptible party conventions, and mousing around for political advantage. What care they for the tolling bell which tells of our heroes fallen in this war! It wakes no sympathy in copperhead "democrats." Others may fight for government, for national life, for liberty, and righteous law; but they will fight for party, for pocket, and for office. Oh, ye scamps! And yet ye are the creatures who boast of the word *democracy*, and fling at us that miserable sneer, "fighting for the nigger." Oh, if there is an object upon earth, or under the earth, which is too mean to fight for, it is such a "democracy" as yours!

But here let us halt a moment to explain what they mean by "the nigger." They mean a race of men held for generations in rigorous bondage, raised, and bought and sold as cattle are bought and sold, and by the strong arm of arbitrary power compelled to unpaid toil, doomed by cruel and unrighteous law to abject slavery forever! And when this cheated and oppressed race has heard the sound of the trumpet, and begins to feel that it means liberty to the captive, then what do we hear from these base-born caitiffs, these political *thieves*, who have stolen the name of "democracy." We have heard them prate in high-flown eloquence for their birthright to freedom, and against the "arbitrary arrests" of their more pestilent brethren; but who ever heard, from the open throat of these whited sepulchres, one word of courage for a poor and needy race bound in affliction and iron? What though rebel masters, by their own act, have broken every bond by which they claimed to hold us as partakers with them in their crime against humanity? What though the provi-

dence of God, without our help, hath set before us an open door which no man can shut—a glorious opportunity for the emancipation of a race, and for the disenthralment of a continent from its greatest curse! What of all this, if it bring not votes, nor influence, nor power in any form? The bastard democracy, of which we write, may fawn at the feet of kings or of mobs, but it has no one feeling or desire in sympathy with the bare and naked principle of justice and of right.

“Fighting for the nigger,” amen. *Amen*, I say, for when the negro is fighting for liberty, for government and law, against despotism, rebellion and treason, ours is a good fight when we are fighting for the negro. This world is wide enough, this continent is broad enough for all the races which inhabit it. But if it may be the will of God that the copperhead democrats shall become extinct, we may thank Him for His goodness. We are willing to live in a world which produces toads, and beetles, and snakes, but we do desire that this entire continent of North America, and this whole world, shall be speedily delivered from that meanest of all created things, a copperhead democracy. And if there be not virtue and patriotism in the people to prevent such a party from rising into power, and to inflict upon that party its original curse, keeping it down—down on its belly in the dust where it belongs—then indeed may we tremble for our country when we remember that God is just.

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